Me more wit then I learned this 7. yeare,
And I paid nothing for it,
But was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. O Lord sir couſonage, plaine couſonage.

Hoſt. Why man, where be my horſes? where be the Germanes?

Bar. Rid away with your horſes:
After I came beyond Maidenhead,
They flung me in a ſlow of myre, & away they ran.

Enter Doctor.

Doc. Where be my Hoſt de gartyre?

Hoſt. O here ſir in perplexitie.

Doc. I cannot tell vad be dad,
But begar I will tell you van ting,
Dear be a Garmaine Duke come to de Court,
Has coſened all de hoſt of *Branford*,
And *Redding*: begar I tell you for good will,
Ha, ha, mine Hoſt, am I euen met you? *Exit.*

Enter Sir *Hugh.*

Sir Hu. Where is mine Hoſt of the gartyr?
Now my Hoſt, I would deſire you looke you now,
To haue a care of your entertainments,
For there is three ſorts of coſen garmombles,
*I*s coſen all the Hoſt of Maidenhead & Readings,
Now you are an honeſt man, and a ſcuruy beggerly lowſie knaue beſide:
And can point wrong places,
I tell you for good will, grate why mine Hoſt. *Exit.*

Hoſt. *I* am coſened *Hugh*, and coy *Bardolfe*,
Sweet knight aſſiſt me, *I* am coſened. *Exit.*

Fal. Would all the worell were coſened for me,
For

For I am couſoned and beaten too.
Well, *I* neuer proſpered ſince I forſwore
My ſelfe at *Primero*: and my winde
Were but long inough to ſay my prayers,
Ide repent, now from whence come you?

Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly.

Quic. From the two parties forſooth.

Fal. The diuell take the one partie,
And his dam the other,
And theyle be both beſtowed.
I haue endured more for their ſakes,
Then man is able to endure.

Quic. O Lord ſir, they are the ſorowfulſt creatures
That euer liued: ſpecially miſtreſſe *Ford*,
Her husband hath beaten her that ſhe is all
Blacke and blew poore ſoule.

Fal. What telleſt me of blacke and blew,
I haue bene beaten all the colours in the Rainbow,
And in my eſcape like to a bene apprehended
For a witch of *Brainford*, and ſet in the ſtockes.

Quic. Well ſir, ſhe is a ſorrowfull woman,
And I hope when you heare my errant,
Youle be perſwaded to the contrarie.

Fal. Come goe with me into my chamber, Ile heare thee. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Hoſt and Fenton.

Hoſt. Speake not to me ſir, my mind is heauie,
Ihaue had a great loſſe.

Fen. Yet heare me, and as I am a gentleman,
Ile giue you a hundred pound toward your loſſe.

Hoſt. Well ſir Ile heare you, and at leaſt keep your counſell.

Fen. Thē thus my hoſt. Tis not vnknown to you,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22299) LONDON, 1602 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (Huth 48) Octavo